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The LEHIGH · REVIEW ·

September 1934

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The Freshman And The Fraternity
Revolution On The Campus
Duke University
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A serious magazine devoted to the interests of Lehigh

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A short story



McCaa Studios

Dr. Neil Carothers

Dr. Neil Carothers

by W. Leonard Finlay

"Pardon mah southern ac—cent!
Pardon mah southern drawl!"

has perhaps resounded around the first floor corridors of Christmas-Saucon hall, but the usually omniscient Brown and White hasn't recorded it yet. For the last eleven years, however, the southern accent has frequently come booming out of the office of Dr. Neil Carothers to bear unmistakable witness that Lehigh's professor of economics and director of the College of Business Administration was on deck. A deck, incidentally, cleared for action.

His southern accent is a heritage from both sides of the family whose occupancy of the cotton country goes back a good one hundred and fifty years. Dr. Carothers was himself born in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

As a Rhodes scholar from the University of Arkansas, which gave him his B. A. in 1904, Dr. Carothers was exposed to the Oxford drawl from 1904 until 1907 when he received a diploma from Oxford in economics. His doctor's degree, which he received in 1916, was given him by Princeton university.

In addition to these intellectual pursuits which gained him a Phi Beta Kappa key, Dr. Carothers was greatly interested in athletics. He ran the 220 and 440-yard dashes, played football, English rugby, and tennis. He has coached Lehigh tennis for eleven years and his teams have compiled an excellent record: beaten Lafayette twelve times and lost once; won the National Intercollegiates once, the Eastern Intercollegiates once, and the Indoor Nationals three times. In 1929, Lehigh awarded him a major "L."

His favorite sports are tennis and wrestling. Ever since he saw his first bout Lehigh wrestling has always had a warm spot in his heart. "In that bout I saw a Lehigh wrestler stand a punishing scissors hold for six minutes rather than let a Yale man get two extra points for a fall!"

Public fame is a fickle goddess apparently ungoverned by rigid laws and hence it is not so strange that Dr. Carothers' rests almost equally on a fervent devotion and a fully as fervent distaste.

The devotion, of course, is to economics, and its inception goes back to childhood. Neil Carothers, Sr., was a lawyer whose great interest lay in economics and from him his son got his life-long interest in currency and coinage. When the present director of the Business College was ten years old his father published a book on silver and, exactly forty years later, the son published a book on the same subject. Unfortunately, conditions had changed so radically in the period between the books that no comparison is possible.

Dr. Carothers' book, "Fractional Money," is the only complete history of United States coinage and, because of its contributions to the knowledge of that coinage, he was elected an honorary life member of the Pacific Coast Numismatic Society.

Long before "Fractional Money" had been published, however, Dr. Carothers had achieved eminence in this field. A decade earlier President Wilson offered him an appointment as High Commissioner to a Latin American country to take care of its finances. He declined the appointment but now says sorrowfully, "I've been mad about it ever since because my successor had his picture put on every piece of paper money in the country!"

That incident wasn't the only one which involved the likeness of Dr. Carothers. Last spring the Lehigh Alumni Bulletin ran separate pictures of Dr. Carothers and Dr. F. A. Bradford, associate professor of economics, but the printer's devil somehow managed to put the name F. A. Bradford under each picture. Came an alumni dinner a week later and the chairman introduced Dr. Carothers.

"I object, Mr. Chairman, I object!" a prominent alumnus threw off restraining hands and pointed an indignant arm at Dr. Carothers. "That man there you introduced as Neil Carothers. I saw his picture in the Alumni Bulletin with the name, F. A. Bradford, under it. I demand an explanation!"

"I think I can satisfy the gentleman," Dr. Carothers came to the aid of the chairman. "Apparently the Bulletin editor, Mr. Buchanan, agrees with the President that all economists are two-faced!"

In keeping with his up-bringing in the "Solid South" Dr. Carothers has been a life-long Democrat and has rather radical social and economic views. His opposition to the present administration has brought nation-wide attention, but it was only with reluctance that he took this position.

"I was anxious to support recovery efforts in every way, but the repudiation of the gold clause, the inflation act, and other measures convinced me that the government policy was mistaken. Hence I reluctantly decided that it was my duty to offer my opposition to these policies."

This decision resulted in the publication of twenty major articles in the past fifteen months covering all phases of the recovery program. Seventeen of these articles were published in the Herald-Tribune Magazine, and were syndicated by that magazine to leading newspapers all over the country. The audience reached by these papers was well in excess of four million people

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I'm From Missouri

by Bernard S. Weiss

THE university atmosphere of microscopes and slide rules tends to make one rather skeptical. When scientific fact comes in the door, fanciful beliefs fly out the window. Although I once believed wholeheartedly in elves and hobgoblins, I now find it hard to accept the supernatural in any form; and two years of physics has undermined whatever faith I may have held in black magic and the occult arts. Consequently, when—in my enlightened state—I am told of conjurations and enchantments, my reaction is to challenge the teller. I turn a deaf ear to stories of hoodoos and voodoos, and solemnly-related tales of witchery and clairvoyance evoke only semi-tolerant amusement. A "second sight," I tell myself, since it has no basis physiologically, must (in the light of my training) be non-existent.

Yet, I must admit, I sometmies find myself slipping. The self-erected wall of logic and reason has its weak spots and frequently—far too frequently for comfort—a miracle-story slips in, past the guards, between the gates, or perhaps through the wall itself, to disturb my firm faith in the purely material and to force me to stop and consider.

Such a "tall story" intruded itself upon me the other day. It was related by a good friend, a person of sane mind and sound judgment and, incidently, from Missouri—literally. Although I struggle not to believe, due to the authenticity of its source I find it hard to disbelieve. I shall, therefore, merely set it down as it was given to me. I assure you that every fact here recorded is absolutely and verifiably true.

* * *

In that little patch of land that seems to hang from the south-eastern corner of Missouri is the river town of Caruthersville. It rises from the sluggish Mississippi and extends westward, gradually losing itself in swampy lands and cotton fields. In a cabin along the outskirts of town a darky, known as "Dadda" Brown to the natives, led his unobstrusive existence, toting his long canvas sack out to the white fields during the cotton season and living, as most of the negroes do, on his earnings until the next year.

Dadda is the hero of the tale and the source of my confusion. He was much like the other old darkies, wrinkled, gray, slightly bent, and about him hung that air of kindliness and jolly frankness that makes the southern negro loved as an individual even as he is hated as a race. His one room shanty with its screened veranda faced a row of similar shanties across the road. In these lived his friends. They came to him for help when in trouble, for Dadda was known to possess strange powers. From the white man's town, too, distressed people came to seek advice.

Dadda did not shroud himself in mysterious or cabalistic clap-trap. His assistance he gave in a simple unpretentious manner, and he stoutly and consistently refused any money that may have been offered him. The simple luxuries of a cotton negro's life were all he desired, and those he earned when he chopped or picked cotton or sold a watermelon from his back yard. Helping people was not his profession; he did not advertise it. But if a person in trouble sought him out, he was glad of the chance to help.

One day, for instance, the minister's little daughter lost her ring. After searching all morning without avail, she got her parents' permission to run over and ask Dadda—no one was ever afraid of the genial old man. He told her that the ring was not lost but stolen. His advice led to the discovery of the thief and the return of the ring. Another time a little colored boy failed to return home after an evening stroll along the levee. A frantic mammy came running to Dadda's door. He told her not to worry, that the lad had only slipped and sprained his ankle slightly, and that he could be found waiting for them about two miles up the river. The child was located immediately. So it was that after various visits by people who had been aided through the old negro's wisdom, the family and friends of Alan West were urged to seek his assistance.

Alan West, the town's banker, and a comrade had climbed the levee at high noon in midsummer, threaded the weeds, and plunged into the river's inviting coolness. Its width where it runs past the town is about a mile and a half, so that not uncommonly, strong swimmers journey to the opposite —Tennessee—shore, rest, and return home. Both men were exceptionally fine swimmers. The river was crossed as usual without incident and the return trip was almost completed when West was suddenly seized by cramps and drowned despite his comrade's efforts.

A prolonged search was made for the body. Friends spared no expense; every effort was made to recover the banker's remains. Dragged and watched daily for miles beyond the town, the Mississippi stubbornly refused to give up its prey.

As a final effort, since at the end of four days they were still unsuccessful, the wearied officials decided to visit Dadda Brown. When they had finished stating their business, Dadda thought for a while and then with his usual simplicity gave his answer: West's body was to be found approximately fifteen feet out from a designated point on the shore—pinned beneath a mass of tangled branches and snags. This accounted for the failure of every human device to locate it. Without further delay

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The Freshman and the Fraternity

An article written to and for the freshmen

by David W. Hoppock

FOR the entering freshman who is interested in fraternities, and all but a small minority are, the fraternity problem is one of the most important that comes up during his college career. To some, making the best fraternity possible is the most important event; to the more sound thinking majority, it is a very important event, the result of which should form a foundation for a successful college career.

An unhappy choice of fraternity may result in a minor tragedy. Freshmen who have had only a brief two or three days in which to look over a fraternity may find upon being pledged that the majority of the members do not suit him at all, that he based his judgment on the personality of one or two men, who alone rushed him. However, one will seldom find that a fraternity man will openly regret his choice. It is a testimony to the fact that fraternity spirit is stronger than college spirit that men will criticize the University, but will never criticize their fraternity. Very, very few men ever break their pledges; if they are dissatisfied they settle down and bend their efforts toward remaking the charaeter of their chapter.

Since rushing season is so important, why, then, is it not postponed until the second semester or the sophomore year when the prospective pledge is not flustered by freshman week, the start of classes, and the thousand and one things which are new to him? The answer is that the University simply does not have the dormitory facilities to house the whole freshman class, as it would like to do and that it would rather have the majority of them in fraternity houses under the guidance of upperclassmen than scattered about down town in rooming houses.

As everyone knows, rushing season is just twelve days long. At the end of that time, the fraternities leave bids, in the form of formal invitations to dinner, at Drown hall. On the afternoon of September 22, the freshmen call for their bids, return those which they do not want, and, keeping the other, present themselves for dinner at the house of their choice. During the twelve days preceding that Saturday, the freshmen have been entertained and fed until most of them are glad that it is all over, in spite of the thrills engendered by having important seniors opening doors for them, listening to their prep school exploits, and catering to their every wish.

Most men have already made up their mind to join if they get a bid from the fraternity of their choice. The amazing thing is that so many of them do end up happily situated. They realize the undeniable advantages of being a fraternity man at Lehigh. Not that the non-fraternity man is looked down upon; it is merely obvious that under the present set-up there are distinct advantages obtained by belonging to a fraternity. Although the cost may be slightly higher than non-Greek residence, it is well worth the difference to those who can manage to afford it.

The fraternity man enjoys the obvious pleasure of living in a congenial social group of twenty or thirty men of approximately his own tastes and economic standing. He has willing companions for almost any enterprise from boning up on calculus to a jaunt to Philadelphia. There are houseparties and other social events. There is a slight social distinction, greater outside the University than in. A stranger, collegiate or otherwise, when inquiring of your college career, is apt to ask to what fraternity you belong. The chances are fifty-fifty that he has never heard the Greek name if you tell him, but if you say that you did not join a fraternity, he is likely to wonder to himself whether or not you have some hidden vice that kept you out.

The fraternity man will probably get further in extra-curricular activities than his non-fraternity classmate, but that is because he is urged to participate for the glory of the house, rather than because of politics and discrimination against outsiders. However, it obviously does help, when competing for assistant football manager, to have Brother Smith as varsity manager. Your food in a fraternity will probably be better balanced, and, unless you are economising, no more expen-

continued on page twenty-four



"And what's more, if you get a 'B' average you can cut all the classes you want!"

How Does The Squad Look?

by Glen Harmeson, *Head Football Coach*



Glen Harmeson

THIS is the question that is asked more and more frequently as autumn approaches and football prepares to take its turn in the center of the athletic stage. Coaches everywhere are trying to answer that question hopefully or with cautious conservatism, according to their respective temperaments.

Here at Lehigh I find a tremendously keen interest in the football prospects on the part of students, faculty, alumni, and townspeople. Such universal interest is bound to encourage a coach and to stimulate him to give his very best efforts to develop what every fan so ardently desires—a winning team. However, neither the support of the fans nor even hard work on the part of the coaches is sufficient to win games; in the final analysis this is up to the boys on the squad. So as we begin the football season, it is right and proper that we size up the athletes who are going to represent Lehigh on the gridiron this fall.

The varsity coaching staff has been assembled by Director of Athletics Kellogg with considerable care. All the coaches are men who elected college coaching as their life work and who are experienced in teaching the game as well as in playing it. The centers, guards, and tackles will be coached by Marty Westerman, a great lineman himself in his playing days and one of those rare individuals who have the gift of being able to transmit their football knowledge to men working under them. Westerman is going to have trouble finding men to fill the shoes of some of his guards and tackles who ran afoul of the probation rule last spring and are therefore ineligible to compete.

Eb Caraway, who coached the varsity ends last year, will have the same assignment this fall. Eb, like Marty, was an outstanding player during his college days. He lives the game and loves to work with boys who feel the same way about it. Any coach could consider himself fortunate to have two assistants like Westerman and Caraway. Lehigh students and fans can rest assured that the Lehigh line, coached by these two men, will be out there battling both on offense and defense for sixty minutes in every game.

The varsity backfield will be coached by the writer, and if the boys play as well as I know they can, run as hard as every Lehigh fan is rooting for them, they will be able to cross quite a few white chalk lines during October and November.

Freshman coaches are an important division of the staff. The men who will be in charge of the future varsity players are Paul Calvert, head freshman coach last year, Bob Adams, assistant to Director Kellogg and varsity baseball coach, and Phil Myers, who was also with the freshman squad last year. Adams and Myers are probably better known to Lehigh students and faculty than any of the other coaches as both are Lehigh men and were outstanding players in their football days. Calvert, in addition to coaching football, basketball and baseball, tries to keep in close contact with first-year men in their scholastic work, giving them advice and encouragement as they



from left to right—
Eb Caraway, Marty Westerman, *and* Glen Harmeson

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Revolution on the Campus

by George Yanko

EVER since "Master Average Student" made his way into the world some odd eighteen or twenty years ago, he has been automatically enlisted, through no choice of his own, under two banners by which he comes through heredity—country and religion.

The college student has probably never doubted his loyalty to his nation—though tending to scoff at such ideals as patriotism—nor, for that matter, has he ever seriously considered a change of Gods—until he goes to college.

In 1924 a young man from the middle west, steeped in religious lore, went to Harvard, fully determined to come out prepared for the ministry. In 1928 that young man, the counterpart of thousands of other students who take their religion seriously, graduated, a confirmed, unshakable Atheist.

That student whose religious thinking was so completely reversed during those four years at Harvard was Philip E. Wentworth, who four years later started a mild furor in the religious world by writing an article for the Atlantic Monthly in which he charged the American universities with transforming "God-fearing Christians into apostates.

"Nine young men and women out of every ten who will receive their degrees this June would probably admit, if they were called to testify, that education has acted as a poison to their faith," declared this university graduate. The writer then went on sarcastically to remark that "I began to wonder (while at school) at the disingenuousness of the human mind when, unable to imagine how the world began, but demanding some explanation of the inexplicable, it can arbitrarily select three letters from the alphabet and call g-o-d the answer."

Whether we agree with Wentworth or not, we cannot deny the presence of at least a grain of truth in his statements. Do colleges really weaken religion? Is the average collegiate gradually evolving from a strict Religionist, into an Agnostic, to emerge an Atheist? It is a serious problem, one whose answer will be of far reaching importance, but difficult to arrive at.

In 1929 "The Presbyterian Advance" was interested in finding the answer to exactly that same problem. This religious newspaper conducted a symposium among college students with the following results: the first prize winner, a student at the University of Oregon, declared, "Those things which were aforetime reserved to the Church for explanation are now open to attack from a half dozen new points."

A University of Illinois student who took second prize sounded a similar keynote by saying: "We are living in a new world while the Church is living in the old."

Here, then, lies the chief bone of contention. The youth of today who study in universities with their emphasis on science can no longer accept the Church in its ancient role of arbiter between man and God. No longer will educated youth tacitly accept the mysticism, superstition, and ridiculous natural phenomena explanations of the religious governing bodies. With free thinking and scientific explanations the order of the day, the student has forsaken the way of the Church with its divine revelations for the way of science with its natural laws of cause and effect. As Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, professor of religion at Columbia University and Warden of St. Stephen's College says: "Religion as a subject for serious intellectual concern enjoys no vogue among the great majority in university halls. It is rarely a subject for serious study, and the students are conspicuously absent from worship."

Does this mean the abandonment of the belief in God? Not at all. Because you trim the limbs of a tree you do not destroy it. So has the student discarded the exterior trappings of religion and preserved intact the fundamental principles. Revolt from the Church has made it possible for continued loyalty to a belief in a Supreme Being. If such a separation had not been possible students would have found it difficult to hold compatible this belief and a Church filled with loopholes and falsities. E. McClung Fleming, writing in "The Homiletic Review" of Yale University probably best expressed the reason when he stated: "Little dips here and there into popular psychological treatises also aggravate a growing doubt as to the uniqueness and validity of the religious experience."

Here at Lehigh we too have had our religious troubles. Several years ago the curricula included compulsory religious instruction of a somewhat objectionable type. But today, thanks to the inauguration of a new system of non-secular teaching, creative thinking of the highest form is successfully being fostered. Lehigh students are now given the opportunity to formulate their own religious beliefs to their own best advantage. This plan has worked out so well that last year a "Brown and White" editorial declared: "It is encouraging to note that after four years of internal revolution aided by two years of chapel or a year of intelligent discussion with Dr. Beardslee, the majority of students leave Lehigh with a sincere belief in God and faith in a power

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Fall Trends

by Lois



Figure 1 McCaa Studios

EDITOR'S NOTE:

If read hastily the step described may sound too complicated to learn, but if you stand up with the page open before you and follow each step in order you will find that it is not too difficult, and the next time you go dancing you may find you can do it successfully.

IT'S fall again, and dancing once more becomes a pleasure, though plenty of people seem to enjoy dancing just as much in the sticky heat of the summer.

Having a more than usual interest in dancing, a good bit of my summer was spent watching for new and unusual dance steps. Indications are that dancing is going to be very interesting this fall, becoming more than ever full of pep and vitality and at the same time graceful and pleasing to watch.

Part of my vacation I spent at a mountain resort where the dancing was rather formal, smooth, and dignified. The steps were courtly and graceful, with a suggestion of the old days. This fits in with the style of evening dress the girls will be wearing this winter. Styles tend to go back to the seventies. Once more dresses will have the tight bodices and gathered skirts so full as to almost give the impression of hoop skirts. The music will carry on the same suggestion of gracefulness. There are more waltzes and slow fox trots than there have been in the past few years. These are diversified with tango steps (strictly ballroom of course) with many swirls and dips, done with a lightness and ease to delight both partners and onlookers.

At the seashore I bumped into a gay college crowd and found myself bouncing and hopping all over the place to fast numbers. Here again variations of tango steps were much in evidence. Fast numbers were interspersed with the slower movements I have described above.

There are to be lots more twirls and cross steps of all varieties, and you will even find skipping to be perfectly good form. In this connection I want to describe one step which is typical of many new ones I saw. It is the *Skipperoo*. Everywhere I saw it daneed it took like wildfire.

The time is medium foxtrot time and it is best done to a slight toddle. The description is of the man's part. The illustrations show a few of the positions.

Partners facing each other, take a two-step (step with left, draw right up to left, and step with left again, counting 1-2-3) to the side with the left foot, then a two-step to the side with the right foot. In open position as in figure 1, take one step forward with the left and one forward with the right. Point forward with the left (figure 1); point to side with left (figure 2). Take a two-step forward with the left, skip with left, kick-



Figure 2 McCaa Studios

In Dancing

Cunningham

ing waist high with the right (figure 3). Take a two-step with the left foot as you make a quarter turn to the right and bent left knee in a backward dip (figure 4). From the dip you can go into a right-hand twirl, or if by chance you are left-handed, perhaps a left twirl will be easier to manipulate. It really doesn't matter as the skipping part is what you will enjoy doing most anyway. To a good dancer all sorts of variations of this step will suggest themselves.

In the second part of the dance, face partner and take a two-step to the side with left foot, two-step to side with the right foot. Then in open position take a one-step forward with left and one step forward with right. Point forward with the left. Then bend left foot back in quick dip touching knee to floor. Finish by going into a twirl, and begin at beginning.

This may sound intricate and even fantastic for ballroom use. It may also be thought that a lot of room will be needed but I assure you that you will be able to do plenty of dodging and twisting when you become expert at the dance. You will be very glad you took the trouble to learn it as you will enjoy it every minute. It is unusual, unique, and for those who like a good romp on the dance floor, it is a knockout. There is a perfection of harmony, grace, and ease which one would not expect to find in a jazz number.



Figure 3 McCaa Studios



Figure 4 McCaa Studios

That is all of that—but for those who don't know what a cross step is, or know what one looks like but cannot do it in dancing, I am going to describe two of the many combinations.

Take a two-step to the side with left foot, step with right foot over left and take another two-step with the left. As you take the first movement it will bring your partner over to your right side so that you have plenty of room for your cross step. As you take your cross step your partner's left foot will cross back of her right foot as she of course will be dancing just backward to the way you will be dancing. The last two-step will bring you back into position facing your partner. You see how simple it is with only three movements.

Now for a very popular one: Two-step to the side with the left foot and, as in the other combination, cross right foot over left and finish with two steps with left foot. This time, however, swing your partner out into open position (figure 1) as you take the cross step. She must cross her left foot over her right in forward motion as you are doing—very simple!

As a last bit of advice let me warn you that posture is a very important item this fall. Forehead to forehead and cheek to cheek dancing is passé. The girl's head is tilted back to a certain extent as she leans slightly backward and away from her partner with her back arched. The man's right arm should not be draped about the girl's neck or shoulders, but with a loose grip about her waist. Of course this depends somewhat upon your height. The taller you are, the higher your hold will have to be. Be careful to keep shoulders erect and no leaning forward. Slumping ruins the looks from the sidelines however good your technique otherwise.

——And now, on with the dance!

Man With A Thousand Minds

by Lancey Thomson

IT is from the depths of loneliness and despair that I cry to you. After the outrageous scene in the church, I thought that I should flee forever from the presence of those I knew. A force within me forced me to break this veil of silence and to communicate with you, my dearest of friends, for the last time. It is a voice of the dead which speaks to you, for I am dead forever to those who knew me before tragedy blasted happiness from my life.

It pains me to think of the sorrow which I have caused her whom I love so well. My remorse, however, is lessened when I realize that by my action I have saved her from a greater suffering which would have made her life miserable. I have loved Helen since that day the wheel of fate threw us together. She was so refreshing. It was only in her presence that the cares of the world fell from my shoulders and life seemed to have a purpose. Her charming nature relieved the tension of my mind and body, and I was overcome with an indescribable happiness when we were together. An aura of peace and contentment surrounded her. Will God ever forgive me for hurting so beautiful a creature?

What I have done remains unexplained, and I wish it so. You alone will possess my secret. From our childhood days we have been more than brothers, dear Winston. My soul cries for confession, and you must aid me by ridding me of this heavy burden. For the sake of our friendship I desire that you shall keep this secret forever hidden within you.

I wonder that I was able to conceal my abnormality from you. It is strange that I have not blurted it out to you. You have perhaps noted nothing unusual about my personality except an extremely sensitive nature. Deep within me, hidden from the eyes of even my closest companions, were forces which were later to shatter my fondest dreams. From my earliest years I was possessed by these mysterious forces although I did not realize their significance until years after the first event occurred.

I must state here that I do not wish to argue with science. Even the most learned men must admit, however, that there are certain forces in this world which they cannot explain. This is especially true of the infant science of psychology, which still gropes blindly in the dark and has made very little progress in explaining the mind of man. What is the cause of my abnormality I do not know. Whither it shall lead me is also a mystery.

I remember very clearly my first attack. It occurred during a vacation on a relative's farm in Vermont. I was twelve years old at the time. The beautiful country of New England delighted me, and I loved to hike along the dusty country roads. During one of these rambles I came upon an artist painting a landscape from a particularly advantageous point of view. I paused to watch the deft strokes of his brush. Suddenly I was conscious of a creeping tenseness in the muscles of my body. My brain seemed to tingle, and I felt as though I would faint. Suddenly my thoughts began to change. I gazed out over the valley below me. It was peculiar that I had never before noticed the extraordinary beauty of the scene. What a delicate hue of green those tall trees had assumed! I was suddenly able to discriminate delicate shades of color although I had never shown any such ability previously to this. An urge to record this scene came over me, and I felt as though I could paint it although I had never touched a painter's brush. This feeling gradually fell from me, and the unnatural condition of mind and body passed. My head throbbed and I was greatly frightened by this strange incident. In my childish way I soon forgot all that had happened. Now I realize the truth. I had seen the valley below me through the mind of the artist who was painting the scene!

The attacks which followed were few, but were sufficient to prove that my condition was chronic. This abnormality produced in me the strange sensitiveness which you know so well. I saw life through the minds of many people during those years. On a few of these flights into the minds of others I saw beauty, truth, and nobleness. More often I only found filth, cheapness, and hypocrisy. These seizures drove me into a chronic state of fear which caused me to brood deeply over my ailment and worry about my sanity. It was then that I met Helen. She was a redeeming grace, saving me from unbearable terrors. I felt that she was my only hope of salvation. When she accepted my proposal of marriage my pall of gloom disappeared. Life was no longer a nightmare.

On the morning of the wedding I was in a very nervous condition, but as this feeling is common to most bridegrooms on that eventful day, I dismissed all anxieties concerning my ailment. Little did I realize how my life would be wrecked by the events of the day.

Just before the wedding processional started down the aisle of the crowded church, tenacles of icy coldness gripped me as I felt the familiar tenseness take root in me. I struggled fiercely to conquer the attack, but it was useless. No effort on my part could stem the onrush of the phenomena which engulfed me. For the first

continued on page thirty

Hitler Hoists the Black Flag

by Bernard S. Weiss

IN 1929, when Adolph Hitler was a prisoner at Lansberg, he wrote, "To win the sympathy of the broad masses, you must tell them the crudest and most stupid things." The policy, as it turned out, was successful; but power achieved by such tactics does not bring with it the knowledge of how to use it. His methods, in my opinion, are threatening the well being of Germany, and simultaneously the peace of the world.

That Hitler possesses remarkable gifts and inexhaustible energy no one will deny, but his reasoning power appears to be rather limited. The book "Mien Kampf" is pitiful testimony of this fact. In it he boasts, with tactlessness characteristic of modern German diplomacy, that the Reich intends to ally with Great Britain and Italy against France as a first step toward the retrieval of world domination. I regard this scheme as the most ominous of all Hitler's designs. The persecution of minority groups is a serious thing, but it affects only the individual nation. Aggressive diplomacy, on the other hand, jeopardizes the peace of the world.

Hitler has always appealed to what Oswald Garrison Villard calls the "Nazi Child-Mind." An unusual showman and rhetorician par excellence, he has bulldozed Germany's defeat-conscious, depression-ridden youth into supporting his amateur policies. Now that he is assured of a "shouting majority" he feels safe in throwing his blood-soaked gauntlet into the international ring. Just as he and his "super-German" cohorts have succeeded in wiping out every vestige of personal liberty in the "Dritte Reich," so would Hitler force his will upon the other nations of the world. I do not say that the German people have not a just cause for complaint, the Treaty of Versailles is needlessly harsh and inflexible, but neither do I think that swashbuckling, bombast, and rodomontade will do the Fatherland much good at this stage of the game. Yet Hitler insists on tempting fate and, while his antics dissipate the energies of a troubled people, forgets that it takes a Bismarck to bluff the world and get away with it.

The Nazi leaders are using every known means of propaganda to stimulate intense nationalism at a time when nationalism should be stilled. Radio is turned to insidious invectives against France. The anniversary of the death of a German spy at the hands of the French is proclaimed a national holiday; the seeds of wrath are thrown from every platform and the Nazis huddle together to keep their hatred warm. Pacifists are placed in the same class as traitors. Protests against national policies are mutiny. The Nazis try to rid Germany of its inferiority complex by telling her that she was never beaten in battle. The World War, say they, was not lost in the field, but at home . . . by Communists, Jews, and Pacifists. The People always welcomes such salve for its wounds no matter how often it is rubbed in. War! Guns! Soldiers! Restore the national honor! Hitler struts about with an Iron Cross of the First Order pinned on his bosom, although War Department records contain not a line about his being awarded one. It is all part of the program of intoxicating a tired people.

Every effort is being made to instill nineteenth century Prussianism in the minds of grammar school and high school children. A foreign correspondent reports that boys—fourteen to sixteen years old—may be seen in Berlin throwing dummy hand-grenades at pasteboard soldiers in dummy trenches. They are under the supervision of a teacher.

The education for war in Germany today appears to be education with a definite purpose. In this country students are trained, nominally at least, only for national defense. In the Reich, however, war is looked upon, dispassionately, as an instrument of foreign policy. Professor Ewald Banse recently published (with official assistance) a textbook, "The Science of Arms," intended for use in German high schools. These typical sentences tell their own tale: "War is constructive. A bath of steel clears the way toward a new idealism." "War is a form of struggle for the state which dominates the being." "Only those who are willing to give their lives for the state have the right to ask the state's protection."

But, one will say, Germany is unarmed, and what good is an inspiring war manual without effective wea-

continued on page twenty-eight



"Dear Lord, make my aim true!"

The Review



CARL COLLANDER, Chi Phi. Varsity basketball; business manager, Lehigh Review, junior year; editor of 1934 Handbook; vice president Tau Beta Pi; candidate for A. B. and B. S. degrees in June. Will be the first man to get two degrees with only four year's work. O. D. K.



EDWIN SAWYER. Musical clubs; Band; editor of the Brown and White; O. D. K.; baseball fan.



BOB JACKSON, Sigma Phi. Varsity football; president of Interfraternity Council; secretary of O. D. K.; varsity track. Holds record in 220 low hurdles, and 400 meter hurdles, and too many more to get on this page. Secretary-treasurer of class junior and senior years. Makes it a point to know everybody possible.



LEROY TRAVIS, Psi Upsilon. Editorial manager of the Brown and White; manager of freshman track; president of Lehigh Union. O. D. K. Has a mania for order.

PARKER BERG, Delta Upsilon. Two letters in track; captain of soccer; business manager of Epitome; president of Cyanide; vice-president of O. D. K.



Presents Ten Seniors



Paul Preston, Delta Tau Delta. Varsity football; vice president of Chemical society; president of class sophomore and senior years. O.D.K. Likes codfish balls. Has a wife and baby and enjoys it.



Hamil Reidy, Chi Phi. Varsity football; captain of track; president of O. D. K. Claims biggest string of girls of any man on the campus.



H. Edgar Lore, Delta Upsilon. Secretary-treasurer of Brown Key and Cyanide; secretary of Arcadia; editor of Epitome; manager of soccer; treasurer of O.D.K. Likes bull sessions, Arliss, Ibsen, and steak and mushrooms.

Louis Struble, Kappa Sigma. Treasurer of Pi Tau Sigma; president of Tau Beta Pi; president of Arcadia. Will drink anything on the house.





Whitey Ock, Sigma Nu. Captain of football; high scorer last year; president of class junior year. Wants to be either a professional baseball player or a bond trader.

Duke U

by Carl



Night Winter Scene of a Dorm

DUKE UNIVERSITY, located at Durham, N.C., comprises Trinity College for Men, the Woman's College, the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, the Schools of Religion, Law, Medicine, and Nursing, and the Departments of Education and Engineering.

Just a half a dozen years ago, Duke was one of the lesser known American colleges. Today, Duke is making an insistant, promising bid for recognition among the nation's dozen or so outstanding universities. The phenomenal rise of Duke, and the effect on its student body, are unprecedented in educational annals.

Of course, expansion involves expenditures, which implies there must be a source of money, and that source was James Buchanan Duke, great tobacco and public utilities magnate. In 1835 the University was founded as Union Institute, in 1851 it became Normal College, changed its name to Trinity in 1859, and finally derived its present name from a provision in the Indenture of Trust, executed December 11, 1924, by James Duke. The benefactor made an outright gift of forty million dollars and an additional forty million bequest in his will for endowment.



Aerial View

Duke University is located on two campuses. The Woman's College occupies the East Campus, which was formerly the site of Trinity College. About a mile and a half away, on the edge of the University Forest, is located the men's unit, known as Trinity College.

Surrounding the spot selected for the new buildings of the West Campus, ground to the extent of 5,100 acres was purchased. This figure is more impressive when it is recalled that Lehigh's extensive campus occupies only 180 acres.

Possibly the most outstanding feature of the West Campus is the architecture of its buildings. Here the architect, Horace Trumbaur, of Philadelphia, with 5,100 acres as a site, and a clean slate upon which to work, completed his plans in 1928, and construction started immediately. The style is Tudor Gothic, and many of the architectural details and ideas were inspired in Horace Trumbaur during his visits to old universities, castles, and monuments in England, Fermany, and France.

The stone for the 31 buildings was brought from the University's own quarries, about fifteen miles away. This stone is a slaty schist. It is in six or eight distinctly colored tints, and affords an harmonious blending of colors to the campus.

The trimming is Indiana Limestone. Upon this limestone a wealth of sculptured detail has been lavished. The delicate floral designs and the carved heads were chiselled from blocks of limestone after the stone had been placed in the buildings. The sculpturing was done by three Italian artists who worked from sketches. Incidentally, they labored at the rate of eight dollars an hour, six hours a day for a six day week for a period extending over more than two years. Besides these "chiselled in place" carvings, the buildings are studded with limestone gargoyles, grotesque figures of men, attractively designed chimneys, emblematic insignia, and a number of shields.

Perhaps the best known building is the Chapel, a two million dollar structure. It took only two years to construct and is illustrative of the best in English Gothic architecture. Construction is the same as that used by the builders of the old churches of the Middle Ages. It is true masonry construction, in which the stone work, brick work, or concrete does its part honestly and without masquerade.

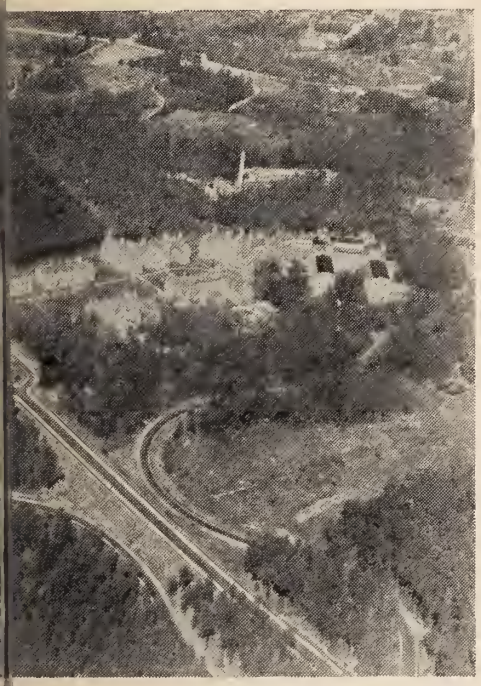
The chapel has many noteworthy features. The aisle windows depict, in beautiful stained glass, the complete story of the life of Christ. The chancel window glass has been patterned after the twelfth and thirteenth century Bourges and Chartres cathedrals. The elaborate woodwork carvings of the choir were mainly inspired by those of Amiens Cathedral.



Carvi

niversity

LLANDER



IEN'S CAMPUS

Beneath the floor of the basement is an impressive crypt wherein celebrities identified with Duke University, as members of the Duke family and officers of the University, may be interred. In the belfry of the tower are the fifty bells comprising the carillon. The bells range in weight from ten to 11,200 pounds. For the past three summers, Carillon recitals have been given by Anton Breese, world-renowned carilloneur. The organ is Aeolian, and has 7,791 pipes, a harp of 61 tones and chimes of 26 tones. An elevator takes visitors to the top of the tower, where a splendid view is afforded.

Duke's graduate schools of Arts and Sciences, Religion, Law and Medicine, are taking their place beside the country's best. The medical school, housed in a splendid, complete four million dollar group, was ranked fifth among the schools of medicine of the nation last year by a committee of Columbia University. The School of Law requires three years of college work for admission, with an average grade of not less than "C." The School of Law is a member of the Association of American Law Schools and is on the approved list of the American Bar Association. The law building has a courtroom equipped for trial court, and appellate court sessions, and a law library of 48,000 volumes. The combined Duke libraries have over 350,000 volumes. The School of Religion is considered the best in the South, while the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences is becoming a mecca for those seeking their M. A. or Ph. D. degrees.



AERIAL VIEW OF WOMEN'S CAMPUS

Engineering started as an Arts major in 1887. In 1927 the curriculum was thoroughly revised, and the degrees of B. S. in Civil and Electrical Engineering were authorized. In 1930 the degree of B. S. in Mechanical Engineering was authorized. In spite of its extreme youth, the School of Engineering has made notable progress. A frank criticism, however, cannot fail to reveal that the prescribed work is perceptibly easier than in those schools of established engineering reputation.

The center of student activities is the Union. On the first floor are a large lobby, a reading room, an information office, alumni and news service headquarters, four dining rooms, including the large student dining room, seating nearly 1,400, the coffee shop, and two smaller dining rooms. On the second floor there are reception rooms, one faculty and one private dining room, band and orchestra and other organizations, and a dance floor. In the basement are located student publication offices, the government post office, a complete haberdashery, the barber shop, the laundry, a cleaning and pressing, and shoe repair shop, and the university store which sells books, drugs, sodas, stationery, etc.

Adjoining the Union is Page Auditorium, where motion pictures, plays and concerts are given. The vitaphone apparatus was installed at a cost of $50,000.

So much for the physical side of the University. Let us glance at the student activities.

Duke has three regularly issued publication; a monthly student literary magazine, a weekly newspaper and a year book. Apparently Duke students do not believe the publication of a humor magazine worth the effort.

The Musical Clubs are composed of the Glee Club, the Symphony Orchestra, the Band and Jeely Leftwich's orchestra. Leftwich's orchestra is one of the best known in the South, and has played nightly for the past two summers at Virginia Beach. Besides playing for Duke's numerous dances, Jelly's orchestra plays daily in the main student dining hall. After hearing him at Virginia Beach this summer, I can vouch for him (and his torch singer).



EADS

Dramatics and debating play an important role in extra curricular activities. Of course, Duke has its quota of honorary societies, including such familiar ones as Phi Eta Sigma, Alpha Kappa Psi, Omicron Delta Kappa and Phi Beta Kappa.

The fraternities, by being housed in dormitory sections, suffer several disadvantages. By living so closely together, fraternities lose

continued on page twenty



CHAPEL

College is Different

by Charles F. McCoy

THE freshmen are here! To sophomores and upperclassmen, this fact is realized and borne with an attitude of helpless disgust. What is so green as a freshman? What is so needless as a freshman? Who, but a freshman, can posses such woeful lack of intelligence? Yet, what can be done? The freshmen are here.

The senior smiles sardonically; the junior talks glibly; the sophomore shouts loudly. All say "College is different."

"I should know, I've been here four years," says the senior when, in reality, he has completed only three.

The junior speaks the elementary words "high school" with noticeable effort. "Oh yes, you'll have three times the work that you had in high school." (A chuckle of the all-knowing injects itself between phrases.)

The sopromore is pointedly definite. "No more kid stuff. You're a college man now."

Thus, the freshman is greeted at Lehigh. College must be different, he decides. His father had said so, and he had never been to college. The high school principal voiced the same opinion. So had the boy's aunt, the grocery man, and the president of the bank. College must be different.

A complete checkup revealed the boy possessive of the following information:

1. Classes are entirely different. There is no personal attention. Classes are composed of at least fifty students.
2. Marking systems are very exacting, a high standard of work being needed to obtain even an "E."
3. Work approaching impossibility of preparation is assigned daily.
4. An unusual athlete in high or prep school has a great possibility of failing to amount to anything in college competition. Similarly this is true of ability in scholarship, dramatics, and other lines of endeavor.

Bewildered, perhaps somewhat frightened, the freshman accepts such information, weighs it, and, with no alternative, arrives at the realization that he must learn to lead a new, more difficult life, subservient to those who know and have preceeded him.

The truth is, college *is* different. Different than high school? — yes, but, above all, different than the conception of the grocery man, and the painted picture of the undergraduate. The grocery man does not know; the undergraduate wishes to impress.

Before long, these green, unintelligent, needless freshmen will know the truth about college. They will see that there *is* personal attention, although, perhaps not so extensive as in high school. They will attend classes composed of as few as ten students.

Soon the freshman will discover that a "D" many times represents lack of effort and medioere work. Preparation, they will find, is not overburdensome, not in undue excess to that required to seeure reasonable sueeess in a thoroughly supervised high or prep school.

These same freshmen will meet a few athletes, scholars, and dramatists who, after a brilliant career in their secondary school years, have remained largely in the collegiate background. These have only themselves to blame for their situation. Probably they do not care. The rest, and by far, the majority of the campus leaders were outstanding in the same field four or five years before. A good football player in prep school has an excellent chance of attaining success in college, and, with continued application, a high school honor student may graduate with a high collegiate scholastic average.

These things, the class of 1938 will soon understand. Yet freshmen live in ignorance. Next year they have their chance. To the grocery man they will say "College is different." to the class of 1939 they will say "No kid stuff. You're a college man now."

To the class of 1938, still ignorant, I say, "Remember, damn it, you're freshmen. College *is* different."

Young Love

I *DO* love her. I am *not* too young to know love when I find it. What if I am only seventeen with another year of school before I can get that job on the paper. She will wait for me.

"Will you look at the fire before you go out, Son?"

"Yes, Mother."

"And don't forget your rubbers. It is still wet out."

"Alright."

Gee, she was swell last night. It's lucky I decided not to go away for the holidays. I wouldn't have met her, and Charlie Mann with his roadster and college airs would have maybe talked her into kissing *him* or something. She is sensible though. She told me she really didn't care for anyone except me.

I wish I could have gotten some money to get my Tux pressed. Maybe I could borrow Dad's tail coat. No, I guess I'd better not. Besides you need a white tie and vest and Dad's vest is all moth eaten.

God, but that long kiss on the balcony was thrilling. Of course I have kissed girls before. Well, not so many maybe, but then there was Mary Jackson, and Ivy Taylor who came from Washington, and that red-headed Irene. Yet none of them were like last night with Annabelle. That's a pretty name. Like flowers and waterfalls. She really knew how to kiss you so that you knew she meant it, and yet you could see it wasn't because she had lots of practice.

I musn't forget to call Bill Cary and remind him about lending me his flivver. He was going over to Ashton with his family and might forget to leave the keys.

How did that tune go, tum, tum, tiddy-um, tum, tum. Annabelle said that was one of the prettiest songs that had come out this season. It is nice. Tum, tum, tiddy-um, tum, tum. That isn't just right. I'll ask the orchestra to play it tonight. That will make a hit with Annabelle. I am probably the happiest man in the world tonight. Of course, this isn't much of a dance, but Annabelle promised she would go up to Miller's Hill with me and see the moon on the falls, and we can make a wish at See-saw rock. I must be careful not to tear my pants like I did last time.

I wonder if Dad will lend me two dollars on my allowance. It would be nice to take her some flowers. I'll wish for a happy marriage and two nice children. I hope she doesn't ask me what I wished. They always do though. She said last night she wished we could go off together and be alone away from all the people that were after her all the time. She does have lots of silly girls and men hanging around. She was the most popular girl at Seton last year.

"Aren't you dressed yet, Son?"

"No, Mother, not yet."

"You had better hurry. It's nine o'clock."

"It doesn't start till *ten,* Mother."

"Well, don't forget your rubbers."

That cut on my chin looks terrible. I should have gone to the barber's to be shaved, but all the fellows would have kidded me. My beard is growing pretty fast though. I have to shave every week now.

What was that she said last night, "Life is real, and life is earnest . . . " I won't go to camp this summer. I'll stay here and get a job, and save every cent, and maybe in the fall I'll have enough to buy her a ring and we can be really engaged. Going to school is silly. I could do just as good work on the Chronicle now as next year. That old Mr. Shelly is just a fogey. He said he'd give me eighteen dollars a week though, and that is pretty good to start. Of course we can't be married right away, but, . . .

I wish this collar wasn't so tight. It makes it hard to turn my head, and I feel like a giraffe or an ostrich when I try to turn and look at her. I can certainly tie a good bow though. Charlie Mann's was all floppy last night. Annabelle admires neatness. I wish my suit was pressed. I wonder if I can get flowers for two dollars. I don't think Dad will give me more.

She told me to call before I left. Oh gosh, I forgot to call Bill about the flivver. I guess I can open the ignition with a wire or something if he forgot the key. I'll call her now. Damn it. Dad's using the phone. Why doesn't he hurry. I have something important to call about. *A moonlit night with a beautiful girl,* tum, tum, tum. Being in love and being loved is wonderful. She is marvellous, and she loves me, and I love her. I am so happy. There, he's through.

"953-R, please. Hello. Mrs. Marshall? This is Edwin. May I speak to Annabelle, please?—She's *gone?*—To *New York?* But . . . Oh, with Charlie Mann. Yes, of course, with Charlie Mann. I see. Thank you. Good bye, Mrs. Marshall."

He got up slowly and started outside without thinking.

"Don't forget your rubbers, Son, if you are going out now."

Oh, yes, his rubbers. He had forgotten. It was wet, and he must wear his rubbers.

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DUKE UNIVERSITY

cont'd from p. seventeen



CORNER OF CHAPEL

their individuality and privacy. No provision has been made for lodge rooms or dining rooms in the fraternities. There are no adequate facilities for house dances, and house parties are non-existant. It is difficult to produce fraternity life (almost artificially) by installing a living room in a dorm section and tacking Greek letters on the door.

In athletics, Duke has launched an intramural sports program that has been exceptionally successful. The sports world last fall focused its attention on Duke athletics when the Wade-coached eleven, after a string of nine consecutive victories, lost the final encounter of the season to Georgia Tech by the score of 6-0, and lost their opportunity for a Rose Bowl trip. Fred Crawford, Duke's great tackle, made the All-American team. Five members of the Blue Devils were selected for the All-Southern eleven. Although these men are lost to Duke this season, the Blue Devils are slated to have another fine eleven this season—and so is Georgia Tech.

Prospective students who show athletic promise and need financial aid, are given free tuition the first year. Jobs are provided them to help defray other expenses. After the freshman year, tuition, board and room may be worked off at the rate of forty cents an hour. When board, room and tuition have been paid, the rate is reduced to twenty cents an hour.

A word about Duke's increasingly popular summer school. Every year several Lehigh students spend part of their summer at Duke. With six weeks' work, six



UNION ENTRANCE



CORNER OF LAW BUILDING



Dorm Tower

credit hours may be obtained; with twelve weeks, a total of twelve credit hours. There are several three week courses. Although Duke is well below the Mason Dixon Line, in the heart of the tobacco belt, the weather is not unbearable because the humidity is very low. Last summer, over 1,500 students from all sections of the country attended Duke's summer school.

There is no lack of athletic and social diversion in the summer sessions. By the way, the girls live on the men's campus in the summer. A co-ed school is an interesting change for those who have never attended one.

Miscellaneous notes: Although there are aboue 1,000 rooms on the men's campus, no two rooms have the same dimensions—not even in the dorms—in an attempt to avoid monotony of design. A crew of fifteen negro grass cutters make a continual round of the grounds about the buildings of both campuses during the summer. The horse-shoe stadium has a seating capacity of 35,000. The largest attendance to date is 28,000. The University runs it own ice making plant. The tobacco factories of Liggett & Myers and the American Tabocca Co., are located in town. They produce one-fourth of the world's supply of cigarettes. When West Campus was designed, provision was made for a large lake. After the excavation was made it was found that the bottom was too porous to hold water. The site will be used for a flower garden.

At the present time, Duke is suffering from growing pains. In the past seven years, the student body has grown from 1,000 to 3,000 students. Because of the radical physical changes, it will take several years for things to adjust themselves. Already, however, Duke has leaped into the first rank of southern schools, and there appears to be every promise that within the next few decades Duke will take its place beside the country's finest prestige and tradition bound universities.

EDITOR'S NOTE:
This is the first of a series of articles by this author about well-known and unusual universities.



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IS EATEN AT ALL FRATERNITIES

DR. NEIL CAROTHERS

continued from page five

and, with Mark Sullivan's, these articles are widely believed to be the most important opposition in the country to the present government policies.

Dr. Carothers' opposition to the monetary program of the government is "based simply on the proposition that it is not good ethics or good economics to juggle with the monetary standard of the country."

The fervent distaste which shares the support of Dr. Carothers' fame is public speaking. Dr. Carothers has a whole-souled and unchangeable distaste for public speaking and avoids it whenever possible. He avows his timidity, but his forensic activities are none the less widespread. It is his boast that he spoke at six consecutive senior banquets at Lehigh and then the banquets were abolished.

But, on the other hand, when the University decided to abolish Cyanide, Dr. Carothers gave the funeral oration and it was so well liked that Cyanide picked up heart and has had him back every year since then. Even Mark Antony couldn't resurrect Caesar.

When Hamlet considered this plight of imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay, he grieved at Caesar's hopeless state. In parodying his speech, however the Lehigh student would not grieve.

Prof. Neil Carothers, dead and turned to clay,
Might form the paper for some brain trust's say.
Oh, that that herald and tribune of the Right
Should thus be volte-faced by some wotless wight!

Mindful of the sparkling repartee which Dr. Carothers has shown on the platform the Lehigh student would expect the paper to spring to the aid of its noble dust, twist his sentences around, and hopelessly confound the writer.

▲ ▲ ▲

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REVOLUTION ON THE CAMPUS

continued from page nine

not ourselves. This faith is generally not the same as the one with which the student entered college. It is something that he can live by. It is perhaps one of the most valuable things college can give him."

Do colleges weaken religion? Yes, we must answer, if we are to consider the student's changed view of the Church. No, we should say, if we examine his belief in God and fundamental principles.

Two very significant questions answered by Dr. Beardslee shed much light on the subject. When asked if students generally accept scientific knowledge as primary and are driven to rejection of religious teachings which conflict with certified science, Dr. Beardslee said that he thought they did. When asked if religion and science conflict, he replied that in essential (Golden Rule) religion they do not, but that in some modern religious teachings they do.

In other words, students disbelieve the Church because of science, but cling to God as something outside and above the scientific realm. As an investigator in nearly one hundred colleges says: "In all religious regards, one feels that the modern, scientific, younger generation is closer in spirit to the old testament prophets and to the historic Jesus than to apostles and saints of the traditionalized Christian Church."

Today we are witnessing a readjustment of the student mind. No longer is he willing docilely to accept the religious beliefs of others. No longer will he subscribe to dogmatic hypocritical doctrines. He demands of his religion the same orderly process that is taking place every day in society—evolution. He wants to bring his conception of the tribal diety, the fierce bloodthirsty Yahweh, that emerger as a gentle, merciful, forgiving father of all mankind in the New Testament, up to his standards in contemporary thinking.

If he succeeds in doing so, if he succeeds in finding not an "attenuated, anemic Christianity—but the real thing," then will religion be the better for its purging. But if he fails, who knows how many potential Philip Wentworths we may have among us?

• • •

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THE FRESHMAN AND THE FRATERNITY

continued from page seven

sive. You should find your classmates in a fraternity a help in your studies, but the Dean will at any time point out to you that the fraternities always rank lower scholastically than the dormitory group.

The freshman who wants to make a fraternity should consider just what the fraternities want, and plan to conduct himself accordingly during rushing season. Granting that the prospect has the requisite financial support to join a fraternity, the most important attribute is a personable appearance. In the few days in which the fraternity has to look you over, their opinion must of necessity be formed in haste and be based upon impressions fleetingly gathered. Modesty, mode of dress, table manners, even one's conduct playing bridge (incidentally, there is no finer place to judge character than at the bridge table) have an important bearing on whether or not the freshman gets that one blackball. Perhaps it is unfair, but it is life, and the only possible way.

The fraternity wants men who will stay in college and not pull down the house average. For this reason, the preparatory school scholastic record of every prospect is examined. If possible, the fraternity studies the placement and intelligence test records of the prospects. Men have been turned down because they were put into English zero by the faculty. The fraternity cannot afford to pledge ten men, initiate six after the first semester because four are on probation, and only graduate three seniors. It destroys the prestige of a chapter, as well as its strength in activities, to have only a few seniors.

The fraternity is also, of course, interested in men who will be outstanding athletes, but do not brag of your prep school prowess. The fraternity will have heard about you through its contact men long before you arrive at college. The same thing is true, to a lesser degree, of other activities.

Assuming that the fraternities are after you tooth and nail, as some of them will be after some of you, how will you decide which to encourage? First of all, as quickly as possible, narrow your choice down to two or three and plan to divide your time among them the last week, having kept your date book free for the last four or five days until you have made up your mind which ones you are considering. About five days before the end of rushing season, the fraternities will begin to sound you out. It is really informal pledging, and when it occurs, you will realize with no difficulty that it is. The time draws near when you must make your choice. As the last Saturday nears, the rushers put on pressure, for they must begin to get a line on just whom they are going to pledge. They can pledge just so many, but wish to get as good and numerous a group as possible.

The choice which will have an important bearing upon your college career, and thus your whole life, should be based, I say without hesitation, almost entirely upon the personnel of the active chapter. The

fact that your father belongs, that a friend is a member, that the fraternity has a good chapter in some other college, that it is strong nationally; all these are of little consequence when compared with the fact that you are choosing the group of men with whom you will work, eat, sleep, plan, and get drunk during your next four years.

You should not base your choice upon the seniors, nor greatly upon the juniors, but more upon the sophomores, for although the upperclassmen are the ones who will run the house and order you about during your first year, the younger men are those with whom you will form your closest friendships. Yet by far the most important group is the group of freshmen who will be pledged along with you. And you have little or no chance to determine who they are.

Therein lies the only excuse for "sinking" before the end of rushing season. By "sinking," is meant telling a fraternity which has informally bid you, that you will join, and doing so before the end of rushing season. Of course, there is no formal pledging until the regular time.

The excuse for "sinking" is that, by doing so, you are enabled to help choose the men who will be your fraternity and classmates. You can, with the co-operation of what is now your fraternity, help rush some friend or acquaintance. Often such urging is far more effective than hours of talk by an upperclassman. Only in this manner can you, in the abbreviated rushing season, really help to form what is, to you, the most important group in the fraternity of your choice.

If you are not rushed during rushing season, or if you are lightly rushed and then dropped, do not give up hope of joining a fraternity. In the bustle of the short pledging period, the fraternities cannot hope to do much more than to rush the men upon whom they have advance information. It is only chance that gives recommendations. A considerable number of men are pledged during the year. Men who were overlooked during rushing season can easily distinguish themselves during the year.

Every fraternity is in search of men who get good grades. At the end of the first semester there will be a general checking over of university averages by the rushing chairmen. Men with good averages will be carefully considered as prospects to fill in the ranks of delegations of freshmen beginning to be depleted by probation and dismissal.

Men who go out for athletics and other activities and make friends with their classmates soon attract the attention of fraternity men. In this longer period, first appearances are somewhat less important, and even a few men who were originally blackballed may be reconsidered. So throw yourself into the active life of Lehigh, and the fraternity question will take care of itself. Do not forget that there are good men who have refused bids from the best fraternities.

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HOW DOES THE SQUAD LOOK

continued from page eight

go along in order to keep them on the job that comes first for every Lehigh student, athlete or not—successful academic achievement. It is hoped that Westerman and Caraway will eventually be retained at the University on a full-time basis in order to assist Calvert in his efforts to keep the football men in good scholastic standing. At the present time Marty and Eb are serving only during football season and spring practice.

It is obviously necessary for me to be a little reserved in sizing up the varsity squad at this time, for my knowledge of the men dates back only to March, 1934, and was gained almost entirely from observations during the brief spring football practice. However, while I still have a lot to learn about the squad under actual campaign conditions, I can certainly say that the boys I have worked with since coming to Lehigh have impressed me as an unusually fine group. They are keen, intelligent, and eager to turn in a good performance for Lehigh. It is going to be a pleasure to work with such men and we are all going to get a lot of fun out of the games, even though we may not win as many as we might like.

Any fair-minded follower of Lehigh athletics will recognize that winning teams are not made in one season but must be built up gradually by developing the material at hand, by encouraging promising new material to come to Lehigh, by constantly working on the scholastic side to make sure that the athletes stay in college and eligible to compete. Football at Lehigh can be built up to a degree of success that will compare favorably with their outstanding academic prestige. However, this is going to be a long process and one that will demand patience, co-operation, and loyalty from the student body, alumni, and faculty.

It is no secret that the vast majority of boys who make good in college football were previously competitors at the high and preparatory schools. It is no secret, either, that the colleges compete vigorously to attract these boys who have shown football ability. Inducements of all kinds are offered them to select an Alma Mater, with the result that many of these young men are choosing between a number of "propositions." Now, as every Lehigh man knows, or should know, his

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university is offering no inducements other than the finest kind of education that will pay dividends to its possessor all through his life, long after his four years of football have faded to a mere happy memory. Lehigh has every inducement to offer the boy with sense enough to appreciate its splendid traditions, its beautiful surroundings, its high quality enrollment, and above all, its enviable academic reputation. But these inducements are of the intangible sort that have to be understood in order to be appreciated, and that means all of us, students, faculty, coaches and alumni, must work together harder than we ever did before to tell Lehigh's story effectively to the type of boys we want.

Frankly, no football coach could be very optimistic about his team's prospects when there are only seven letter men from last year returning to college. Nor was spring practice very encouraging, for the squad was not as large as the coaches would have liked and a number of experienced men were unable to participate because of the pressure of scholastic work and their participation in the spring sports. Among the fifteen lettermen who graduated, we had such sterling performers as Short, O'Brien, Richter, Green, Kight, Fortman, Matesky. Their shoes are going to be very hard to fill, and one can readily see that there will have to be a number of new faces in the Lehigh forward wall. In a few of these positions, we will have men with some experience, such as Stallings, Preston, Seobey, and Ambruster, but on the whole we will have to depend heavily on the men from last year's freshman squad who return to college this fall.

It is impossible even to hazard a guess as to the men who will see action this fall. Every varsity berth is open and the men who adapt themselves most quickly to the Notre Dame system of offense will naturally get the first call.

The squad will start practice on September 10 and will probably continue with two practice periods a day until school starts. Practically all pre-season work until the first game will be secret practice. This type of practice is not held with the idea of keeping any loyal follower from watching the team work, but because the coaching staff believes that the squad can accomplish more when there are no spectators to distract them. However, after the season gets under way, anybody will be permitted to watch practice sessions on Monday and Friday evenings.

Let me take this opportunity to appeal to all those members of the student body who like football and have had some athletic experience to get a suit and try out for the squad. Material is the great problem at Lehigh and for that reason it is important that every man who can play football or who would like to play should come out for the squad. This alone will not answer the question, "How does the squad look?" but it helps to be able to reply, "Not bad, we have a large squad out for practice."

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I'M FROM MISSOURI

continued from page six

the corpse was found—within two feet of the spot designated by the unexplainable Dadda.

I am satisfied that this story is true. Any one who lived at Caruthersville eight years ago when it happened will substantiate every detail. Yet it doesn't fit in somehow. It can't be reconciled with what we know of physics and psychology. What do you make of it? Perhaps "there *is* more in Heaven and Earth than is dreamt of in our philosophy."

HITLER HOISTS THE BLACK FLAG

continued from page thirteen

pons? Fear not, Professor Banse has thought of everything. With scientific objectiveness he suggests the poisoning of enemy water, the spreading of pestilence and disease by means of rats and insects, and the dropping of virulent germ cultures from airplanes as a program for a "defenseless" people. Such are the bed-time stories of young Germany.

While Goebbels and his crew are conducting their intensive propoganda campaign, foreign agents are doing their utmost to secure allies for Germany. In May of last year (when he was still swelled up by his sudden rise to chancellorship) Hitler planned an invasion of Soviet Russia, broached the idea to France and England, and was repulsed by both. Germany's leaders feel, however, that war is necessary for the adjustment of the "bleeding frontiers," Russia is a convenient opponent.

Such a discerning critic as Charles A. Beard states, "Hitler seeks friends by making Russia his enemy, by posing as the giant who saved Europe from Bolshevism, by raising the Communistic spook on the Western Front, by directing attention from his tyranny at home to the threat of tyranny from Moscow."

Pan-Germanism holds yet another threat. Although the murder of Chancellor Dolfuss last July failed to accomplish the purpose of the inglorious "putsch," the Nazis will not be so easily discouraged. Officially, to be sure, the government renounced all connection with the rebellion; but its protestations are robbed of plausibility by an indiscreet statement from its minister to the effect that the terrorists were "going back" to Germany. Already the Austrian Nazis are re-intrenched in Vienna, waiting for the skies to clear. Hitler intends to resurrect Germany's pre-war eastward expansion policy. That Italy has similar designs and that another European war must inevitably be the result of their clashing interests does not seem to frighten the "Fuhrer."

Another crisis may be long in appearing, but it is bound to come. Super-nationalistic propaganda is necessary to keep the mind of the duped masses off of internal troubles. "The battlefield," former Vice-Chancellor Von Papen shouts, "is for a man what motherhood is for a woman." Humans have their breaking point. They are yielding to traditional stresses and they are beginning to re-arm. An observer warns that Germany is securing the aid of foreign armament companies and says, "We must not be surprised to hear of new armament scandals in the near future." In the mean time the world waits.

The black flag is flying.

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MAN WITH A THOUSAND MINDS

continued from page twelve

time I was able to skip from mind to mind selecting people at random in the congregation. If it were not for the wreck of my life which followed, I would be inclined to laugh at some of the revelations. The thoughts of the old woman who wondered how much was paid for the bride's trousseau, the furniture dealer who made a mental note to see me about purchasing furniture for our new home, the town wag who was busily coining stories of how unhappy the bride looked and how fortunate I was to marry into so much money all flowed in and out of my mind. This procession of horror lasted until we had reached the altar.

You did not know it, Winston, but before the altar I died. My old life was to be taken from me as completely as though I had actually passed into the realm of the shadow. When we reached the altar, I felt my mind gradually slipping into the mind of someone near me. As the connection became stronger, I realized that I was experiencing the thoughts of my beloved.

She was extremely happy. There had only been one other time when she had been happier. She was slightly remorseful when she realized that he had gone out of her life forever. That glamorous night in spring surged back into her memory. The faint perfume of budding flowers and the white blossoms of the cherry trees were experienced again by her senses. How handsome and strong he was . . .

I became conscious of a painful throbbing in my head and a ringing in my ears. I stood weak and trembling while I considered what had happened. I forced upon myself the awful realization that I could not go on with the marriage ceremony. Our life would be nothing but a prolonged misery. No secret of hers would escape me. Already I was tortured by the thought that she loved another more than me. How could my love for her last if at intervals I could see within the depths of her mind and find what was not good and those things which would bring the anguish of jealousy and suspicion upon me. Suppose my experiences had been nothing but the delusions of a mind slipping in the shadows of insanity! I was convinced that I could give her nothing but sorrow and anxiety. As I saw her standing before the altar resplendent in her delicate beauty and sweet simplicity I knew that happiness had fled from my life forever.

I have undoubtedly been called cowardly and base by the people who witnessed the scene, but I have never performed a deed which required more courage than the one I did at that moment. I could not supress a chilling cry which brought forth the anguish in my soul. I seized the ring from the ring bearer and hurled it at the sunlight streaming through the stained glass windows! Before the astonished eyes of the congregation I ran down the aisle of the church. As I ran out of the church I departed from your lives forever!

I do not ask you to judge me for my deed. I am convinced that what I did was the only possible course of action open to me. The crushing weight of sorrow has been lifted from me now that I have revealed my secret to you. I know that you will keep it locked forever within you. *Ave atque vale.*

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THROUGH THE EDITOR'S EYES

Football

It has been suggested that we sound a slightly pessimistic note with regard to fooball. Glen Harmeson, in his article in this issue, is hardly optimistic, but the confidence that he so obviously has in himself and the men under him make a pessimistic stand hard to take, despite the few letter men returning. So we ignore the suggestion, and remain optimistic. However, we do not expect Harmeson to pull any rabbits from a hat. A coach's first year at a college is always hard. It is made doubly hard if the student body clamors for the impossible. From pre-season dope, football seems to be on its way up at Lehigh, but it will need support—and time.

●

Dr. Carothers

In the sketch of Dr. Carothers we have not attempted to tell all the many interesting and unusual events in his life. We have tried, rather, to give a personal and somewhat intimate account that will make the average Lehigh man feel he knows Dr. Carothers a little better.

●

Apology

The men whose pictures appear on page 14 and 15 are seniors who are active on the campus and with whom every freshman should be acquainted. It was extremely difficult to pick the ten most active men. There are positively men on the campus who should have been included whom we missed. To them we offer sincere apologies.

●

Missouri

Bernie Weiss guarantees the authority of the story about Dadda Brown. We have no affidavits. Not having talked to an eye witness we remain, frankly, a little skeptical. Things do grow in the telling. You can take it over or leave it. Or, if you are interested, let us know and we shall try to get the affidavit.

●

Hitler

Last year the Review printed an article that was rather pro-Hitler, written by a man who had spent the summer in Germany. We like to print both sides of questions and the article in this issue is somewhat of an answer. Parts of it are open to question and are possibly unfair. It is based, however, on much study, and presents a view that is too little considered in the present furor about race hatred.

Appointments

During the summer two appointments were made to the administrative staff: Dr. Wray H. Congdon, Director of Admissions, and E. Kenneth Smiley, Assistant Director of Admissions. In its infinite wisdom the Administration has increased its salary budget for two new men, the need for whom, though no doubt real, is hardly obvious. There are other appointments to the faculty which to us seem just as necessary. One of them is a director of extracurricular activities. Such a director has already been advocated. We believe the plan worthy of further consideration.

●

Government

Numerous articles have been written recently citing the need and the opportunity for young men in government service. It is up to the colleges to train men for the position that will be opening up. John Janney in an article in the American Magazine for August says, " . . . For many years to come the business of this country is going to be government *and* business. A new and vastly complex science of government is in making." He then quotes the "most intelligent young business man he knows" as saying, that if he were starting over again the career he would plan for himself would be in government service; "that's where the most interesting developments are coming in the next twenty years."

●

Invitations

One purpose of the Review is to please as many Lehigh students as possible. We try to keep our ear to the ground and print stories and articles that will interest the greatest number, but the faint rumblings heard sometimes are hard to interpret. We invite you, therefore, to write and tell us what you like or don't like.

There is always room on the editorial and business staff of the Review for new men, and we invite those who would like to compete for positions and those who just want to air their opinions about campus matters to get in touch with us. Letters to the Lehigh Review, Lehigh University, or left at the Union Office will always reach us.

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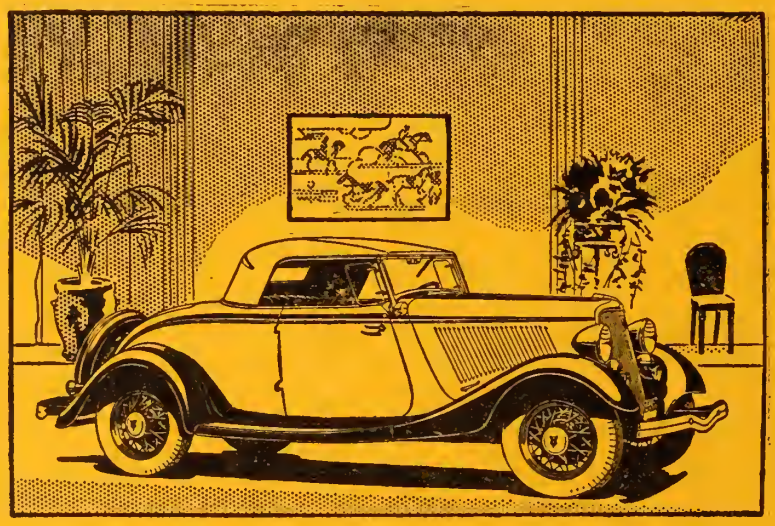
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